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AN AMERICAN UTOPIA.

Smith D. Fry Discovers It in the Pennsylvania Mountains.

Were It Not for the Demon of the Still Life There Would Be Practically Without Vice, Guile and Backsliding.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Long before he fell from grace and lapsed into a lordship; while the veins of his genius were almost bursting with the full blood and strong pulsations of landable ambition; in the flush of magnificent manhood, Alfred Tennyson wrote his celebrated open letter to Clara Vere de Vere, "the daughter of a hundred earls." There is much doubt whether the poet guessed half the wis-



ON THE MOUNTAINS.

dom he expressed when he penned the lines:

"This only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood."
The world is self, and self alone, from surface to foundation stone. Kind hearts are rare, and seldom found, because of the callous encrustment of selfishness. And simple faith is seldom found in cities. The gold and silver of the chalice, supplemented by the purple and fine linen of the modern Levites, have driven faith in fear to the mountains and plains where men and women toil so hard and learn to pray for their daily bread. Kind hearts and faith dwell together in unity, but they shrink from the temples of the money changers. Therefore is it that the anthems of the costly choirs and the thrilling orchestrations of great organs are heard only by the rich and the great in the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate; while the poor, whom we have with us always, worship afar from the splendor of our churches. In the homes of the meek and the lowly, kind hearts are developed, for, divested of selfishness, devoted to each other, hungry wives, mothers and children turn in their sufferings upward to God, and bless, while it smites them, the chastening rod.

Just for a change of air and scene I ran off for a few days up into the mountain regions of the new world, where only three generations ago the sturdy ancestors of modern Pennsylvania yeomanry dwelt amongst the savages and carried rifles with them when they went forth to swing their axes, fell trees, build log cabins for homes and till the soil. There I found kind hearts more dear than coronets, and faith more pure than Norman blood. They have not learned the theological and philosophical definition of love; but they live the truth which manifests an unselfish determination to promote the happiness and welfare of each other. This is love; and faith is its corollary. Those blue mountain men and women have known each other since their childhood. They have not had their hearts rasped and their brains racked by the demons of self, who dwell in cities and thrive in the marts of modern business thrift. They truly live and exemplify their faith in the new commandment "that ye love one another" as little children.

But this was not Utopia. There is no perfect place on earth, and the best localities and best peoples only approximate perfection. Rev. Dr. Briggs goes so far as to say that because the hands of men have written the lines of the Bible, even the good book has marks of human imperfection in it. And so up there in the clear and pure air of the mountains, beneath the blue skies and twinkling stars, there are manifestations of evil; but it is a singular fact that they come from the demon of the still. If temperance could wholly prevail there would be a schoolhouse on every hilltop and no saloon in the valley. But, alas, the saloons are there, and they have the same effect upon the honest yeomanry of the hill country that the fire-water of our forefathers had upon the simple aborigines, who met the white men with corn and water, and were repaid in fire and flame, with bullet and saber.

On Saturday night just before midnight, when all the lights in Waynesboro had been put out or turned down low, and when the people were sleeping the sleep of innocence and dreaming of their church, Sunday-school or Epworth league meetings, the peace of old Church street was broken by the shrill cries of a woman in trouble mingled with the guttural profanity of a man in fury. The solitary policeman of the town, whose most aggressive labor is the wearing of brass buttons and a large hat, was sent for and

soon reached the scene. He ascertained that a saloonkeeper had had the hardihood to drink some of his own poison and had gone home to kill his stepdaughter. Having ascertained this fact, and having received the assurance of the drunkard that he would be quiet, this valiant solitary policeman, following the example of the Tammany officers who were under obligations to many saloonkeepers for free liquor, folded his arms and walked away without making an arrest.

So much for Utopia. This was the only blur to mar the scene; but it was enough to demonstrate the truth of the saying that there is none perfect on earth. The true, the right, the perfect and the good are forms of reason and attributes of the supernatural. In man they are developed in part. With the exception of that single episode of sin and sorrow the simple faith and goodness of the community were constantly noticeable. For example, it was here that in his humble home I found a man who has been building a flying machine for thirty years, who said: "All of my best ideas have come to me upon my bended knees." That indicates the temper of the people. They all seem to realize that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of; and that men may learn all things by studying the secrets of nature on their knees. The atmosphere of the crags and peaks and clefts seems charged and impregnated with simple faith and loyalty to the instincts of truth and virtue.

The cedars of Lebanon which furnished the timbers of the first great masonic temple grew upon hills less prominent and less beautiful than these blue ridges of the eastern portion of the new world. And when the ark settled upon Ararat the couples of the animal kingdom who were to re-peopled the earth had no such wonderful abiding place; while in the visible valleys far below the celebrated plain of Esdraelon is rivalled in fertility, and, like unto that historic splendor of the ancient world of vegetation, far-reaching beyond vision, the Cumberland valley is fair as the garden of the Lord, a paradise excelled nowhere on earth.

There are no great men here, but many good men and women multiply and replenish the land with their kind. It is better to be good than great. Many a young man in that country toils for ten cents an hour, supports himself, and saves a portion of his earnings for the comfort of his old age. The steam cars bring civilization with its luxuries and its vices to the doors of these honest people, but they are living as Christians, in the world and yet not of the world. The vices of civilization sweep by and over them all, but only the demon of the still invades the peace and placidity of their honest homes. Even this insidious serpent is held at bay by the women, for they frown upon it, and in their temperance societies the young ladies say: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

No man of the world whose heart still beats responsive to the bestnesses of instincts of the supernatural, can attend a little prayer and praise meeting there without feeling that the vain



FOLDED HIS ARMS AND WALKED AWAY.

pomp and glory of the cities with their spires, minarets and costly forms of adulation, as a substitute for adoration, are indeed travesties upon the simple faith of Wesley, Knox, Luther and the earlier fathers. Here one may realize the saying of Bishop Keane that "the light of the dark ages was never extinguished in the cell of the cloistered monk." There is no ostentation in truth and love. Among the plain people of our land we may best append the whole truth of the statement that "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

We are largely creatures of association and circumstances. The influences of our friends are exceedingly powerful. If we mingle with the wicked, we will almost involuntarily become part and parcel of the bad elements of a community. If we mingle only with the good, we naturally endeavor to emulate their examples. Our natural instincts of pride make us desire to be as good as the best. And thus a short time spent with people whose simple faith shines forth in their many virtues has overshadowed me so that, in returning to this center and vortex of worldliness, I feel that I have brought back with me to Washington some higher and better aspirations by reason of associations with plain unpretentious people who are better and nobler than the rich and the great who pervade this place.

SMITH D. FRY.

BERLIN'S ROYAL CASTLE.

The Famous White Hall Improved by Emperor William.

Both the Kaiser and the Municipal Council Desire to Make Berlin the Handsomest and Most Artistic City in Europe.

[Special Berlin Letter.]

When the present young emperor ascended the throne everybody about the court knew that a new era had begun, for his love of splendor and luxury, of elegance and refinement in external things had been remarked even during the days when he was plain Prince William, son of Crown Prince Frederick William, and when his aspirations and tastes were in strange contrast with his purse. The young monarch at once gave it out that his intention was



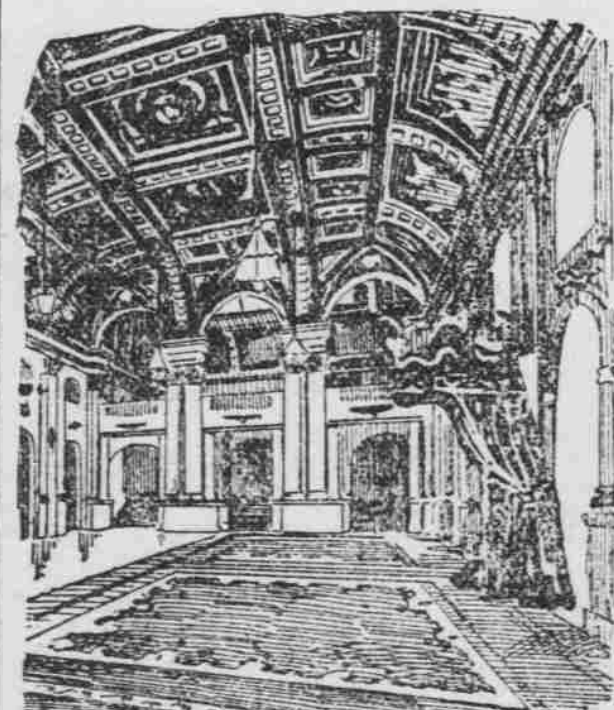
EMPEROR WILLIAM.

to make his court the most brilliant in the world and to transform Berlin during his reign into the most beautiful of all capital cities. As for his court he has already carried out his aims, for that has really become what Napoleon III's court at the Tuileries was during the heyday of that ruler's glory and power. As to Berlin—that still lies in the future, for at present Paris, despite the absence of a splendor-loving imperial court, is still accorded, by general consent, the place of the most beautiful and gayest metropolis of the universe. Emperor William II. has neither the absolute power and the enormous sums at his disposal, nor has he a Baron Haussmann, the all-powerful prefect of the Seine, to tear down narrow, crooked street after street and erect straight, broad boulevards and avenues in their stead. The task of making Berlin as beautiful and attractive as Paris is a task, however, which animates the Berlin municipal council as much as the imperial breast, and year after year, without much noise, that body of men brings the ideal nearer to realization. The emperor on his part does as much as his means allow—and even sometimes more than that—in embellishing the castles, chateaux and estates belonging to the imperial household. Just now it is the historic old castle at Berlin, that immense, age-begrimed pile in the most ancient part of the town, which the emperor is gradually changing into something as bright, handsome and alluring as taste and money can make it.

The chief transformation wrought in it so far is that of the White Hall. On January 18, 1871, as William I. was proclaimed German emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, that superb scene of Louis XIV.'s triumphs, he remarked to his son, the tall crown prince: "A pity we don't have everything as beautiful as that in the Berlin Schloss." Well, the White Hall today is as fine in its way as the Hall of Mirrors in Versailles was. But it has taken the labors of many famed architects, and of a whole string of the best German sculptors and painters, as well as over 4,000,000 marks, to make the White Hall what it is to-day, although in some of its minor details it is not yet finished. It was dedicated to its new use a few months ago, on the occasion of the opening of the Prussian diet, when the emperor read

his throne speech in it. A brief description of this magnificent hall, certainly one of the finest on the globe, may be of interest.

It has a length of 31½ meters (or about 105 feet) and a width of 55 feet. The ceiling has the shape of a flattened beehive, so as to avoid all corners and sharp angles. The small sides are divided into three parts by pillars and portals, while the long sides form six open arches. The style throughout is that of the later renaissance. Upon the ceiling the four quadrangular spaces in the central row present, ex-



A SECTION OF THE WHITE HALL IN THE ROYAL CASTLE.

cut in vivid colors and with gilt, the four Hohenzollern crests, that of the burgraves (the earliest stage of the dynasty), of the electors, of the kings, and of the emperors, with the eagles of white, scarlet and black plumage, respectively, thus bringing out the German tricolor prominently. In the lower spaces, bending towards the walls, allegorical bas-reliefs in white, showing war and peace in their beneficial and destructive tendencies, are grouped very effectively. The portraits, in heroic size, of the three emperors, William I., Frederick and William II., also in relief, appear over the portals leading into the chapel. The niches running around the long sides show statues of the eight Prussian kings and of the great elector, each of these executed by one sculptor of renown, among them Schaper, Calandrelli and Hündrieser, while the massive and symbolical decorations are by Prof. Otto Lessing and Westphal. Outside, in the two large niches towards the wide staircase, relief portraits on horseback of Frederick the Great and of the great elector are to be seen. As to the color effects produced these are of white and gold, with the single exception of the bright hues of the Hohenzollern crests upon the ceiling and of the base of the pillars. The throne, of course, is red and gold—no other furniture of any kind in this mighty hall. The total impression thus produced is that of imposing, chaste simplicity. It is of interest to note that in this as in the carrying out of all details the ideas of the emperor have prevailed. He, in fact, was the architect-in-chief to whom the score of artists and sculptors had to submit, and all through last year, while the work of transforming the old hall into the present one was progressing, it was he who advised the sculptors and decorators.

The old White hall, the work of Stueler in 1844, was likewise very fine, being more ornate and dazzling by its splendid color effects, but its dimensions were of a more modest kind and

no longer suited to the increased dignity of occasions when the new imperialism of Germany wanted to show itself in all its impressive splendor. The approaches to it and the flight of stairs, too, leading up to the old White hall had become insufficient in the course of time, so as to occasion excessive crowding on days like that of the coronation and of the order festival. In its present shape there is ample room for several thousand at a time in the hall itself, and on the wide galleries running around it another 2,000 or 3,000 may find room.

The present emperor is still young, but his plans of embellishment are extensive enough to be spread over a period of thirty or forty years. He intends to renovate the whole immense "Schloss," to do which would swallow up \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000, and he means to carry out his ideas in his castles and palaces in Potsdam as well, where his ambition is to erect some day, when the state of his treasury will permit it, an edifice of truly regal proportions and luxury, something like what Frederick the Great meant to build for himself shortly before the seven years' war broke out. Will this descendant of his, William II., ever find the leisure and the money to realize his wish? These are times which are not very propitious for palace-building on a gigantic scale.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.
A Judge of Shoes
Stranger—If I order shoes of you, are you sure you can make me a good fit?
Cobbler—A good fit? Just you ask Mr. Richman. He always comes to me and gets his shoes made to measure.
Who is Mr. Richman?
He is the owner of that big shoe factory down town.—N. Y. Weekly.

Early Pride in Boston.
The little Boston boy was so plainly puffed up with juvenile vanity that the visitor noticed it.
"Robert seems unusually proud today."
"Yes," the fond mother answered, "he has on his first pair of spectacles."
Indianapolis Journal.

Would Curtail the Amusement.
Mrs. Gaytime—I'm going shopping all over town to match this silk.
Mrs. Candlelight—Dreighoods & Co. carry an immense stock. Why don't you go there?
Mrs. Gaytime—Not much! They're likely to have just what I ask for.—Chicago Record.

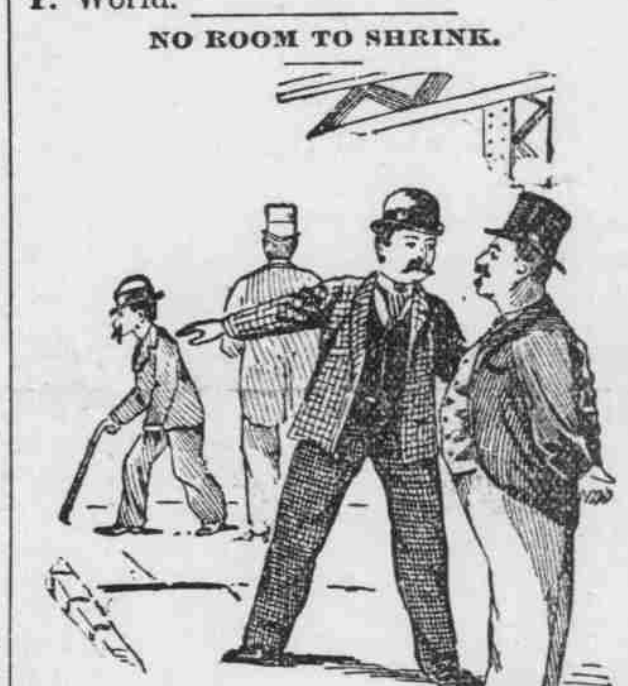
Better Than Rocks.
Helen (pensively)—I'm afraid you'll find your idol is made of common clay.
Ethel (cheerfully)—I hope so; for then I can mold him into a conjugal brick.—Judge.

Has No Use for Brains.
Johnny—Papa, what is a dude?
Papa (scientific)—A dude, my son, is a human being whose brain is rudimentary.—Puck.



HOMER FAIRMON, Winner of the Chicago Bicycle Road Race on May 30, 1895.

Too Bad!
Mrs. Prim—I think it is too terrible for anything, the way these preachers go in for sensations.
Old Prim—Well, what now?
Mrs. Prim—Here's one who actually preaches on the subject of the bicycle.
Old Prim—Are you sure?
Mrs. Prim—Well, it sounds like it. He calls it a sermon on the mount.—N. Y. World.



Briggs—Do you see that little dried-up man going along there?
Jingo—Yes; what of him?
Briggs—He looks harmless enough; but he's a bold, bad man. He would shrink at nothing.
Jingo—Well, there isn't room for him to shrink much more.—Texas Siftings.

A Slight Mistake.
"Do you know the count actually addresses her in public as his treasure?"
"Treasure? His English is a little off. He means investment."
Boston Transcript.

A Misunderstanding.
"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours."
"I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young ardent. "I want her to be my wife."
Texas Siftings.

How He Fixed It.
Mr. Philanthro—How long have you been blind, my poor man?
Mendicant—Ever since the man I bought this stand from retired from the business.—Puck.



Corner—It is a very unhappy occurrence that you should run over this old lady and kill her.
Trolley Motorman—Very. This makes my thirteenth, and I feel that that number will bring me bad luck.—Judy.

Know the Nicest Method.
Paterfamilias—What on earth makes that young man stay so long? Doesn't he know how to say good night?
Edyth—Of course he does! That's what makes him stay so long.—Puck.

Hubby's New Cigars.
She got out of her carriage and walked into the cigar store, at the same time unfastening her coat.
"I want a box of cigars for my husband, please. Let me see all kinds."
"Now here are some goods we can sell for eight dollars, and here are domestic ones from that down to two and a half dollars" said the obliging clerk.
She looked at them carefully.
"You may wrap up that box at two dollars and fifty cents," said she, with dignity. "I like the shade better. It will about match his smoking jacket."
Indianapolis Journal.

In the First Round.
It was the first quarrel after the honeymoon. The bride was giving the young doctor, her husband, particular fits.
"Hold your tongue!" he shouted.
She simply looked at him.
"I don't think you are quite well," he added, apologetically, "and I merely asked you to hold your tongue out."
N. Y. World.

Later-Day Luxuries.
Fashionable Physician—You will have to give up your city life, Mr. Million.
Wealthy Patient—I will travel in Europe a few years, if you say so.
Physician—It would be better for you to stay here and conduct a model farm.
Wealthy Patient—Oh, I can't afford that.—N. Y. Weekly.



Mr. Squinter—Why don't you look where you're going?
Mr. Joker—Why don't you go where you're looking?—Life.

An Exceptional Case.
"What makes you think the bill will pass?"
"I don't think it, I know it. Why, there are influences working for that bill that you never heard of."
"And yet they say money talks."
Brooklyn Life.

Asking the Impossible.
Servant—There's no coal, and the fires are going out.
Mistress—Dear me! Why didn't you tell me before?
Servant—I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal.—N. Y. Weekly.

She Follows Fashion.
Mrs. Parker—Our friend Mrs. Lake-side is a very devoted follower of fashion.
Mrs. Feathers—Yes, I notice she is always a season behind.—Harper's Bazar.

Not Visible to the Naked Eye.
Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

Know the Nicest Method.
Paterfamilias—What on earth makes that young man stay so long? Doesn't he know how to say good night?
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